

## Daily Eagle

M. M. NERDICK, Editor.

### The American Eagle and the Canadian Goose.

The old Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, in describing how darkness gives way to day, depicts a delfy casting a stone into the bowl of night, scattering the stars in flight and catching the Sultan's turret in a noose of light. The stone which in falling into the water disturbs the entire surface and reaches with its ripples every point of the margin of the pond, may be but a pebble that has forever been thus lost to sight, but the blotting out of the reflection of the stars in that pond and all the subsequent agitation of its waters and margins will be found due to the insignificant cast of the aforesaid pebble.

The Wichita Eagle as a modest representative of America's bald-headed emblem, made a swoop for the Canada goose a few days since, in which we held that Canadian insolence was becoming intolerable not only with reference to the seal fisheries and kindred interests, but also touching the pending question of the Alaska boundary, and in which we further suggested the whipping of Great Britain and the annexation of Canada as the most promising solution of the situation.

The Toronto World and other Dominion papers having reproduced our modest ultimatum, we are now receiving epistolary broadsides of unveiled hostility from private citizens of that English dependency. An ireful wight of Petoboro, Ontario, ventures the not original suggestion that the editor of the Eagle is a fool, and that not only Canada but the world knows that the United States of America couldn't whip anything stronger than a dead nation. Without venturing a rejoinder we turn this writer over to the tender mercies of Spain as the "dead nation" implied, along with the additional reminder that the United States has walloped Great Britain to a frazzle three several times with no remaining dread of the next impending round. Another writer does not take kindly to our suggestion that "wiping out Canada would be to elevate its civilization and purify its Christianity. Still another, a citizen of Toronto, after citing specifically numbered pages of history, turns himself loose in an all around criticism of America's attitude as a republic in the West Indies and in the Philippines, declaring in conclusion that Canada has always been a thorn in Uncle Sam's side, where it will remain as such "come what may." If the last writer's courage equals his evident classical culture we would enjoy seeing him go up against a Dewey or a Funston. Summoning his muse, while bewailing the spirit of the "Kansas boast," the "recklessness of the woolly west," the "Dahomianism of Tennessee," the "rudeness of Missouri," and the "crudeness of Arkansas," he sings:

"From Halifax to Esquimaux, from fresh water to the snow, It will be the last salvation of the continent below; It will be the last asylum of the folk who would be free, The prayer of Massachusetts and the hope of Tennessee, God's park! A holy buckle-to break it let them try—Lo! old Halifax it is the hook and Esquimaux it is the eye."

But the divine afflatus of no Canuck can stay the march of Manifest Destiny. The North American continent is not big enough to hold both the American republic and an English dependency. The fact of dependency begets bumpiness, and insolence will insure war, and war will wipe out one or the other, and it is already written in the stars that the American Eagle will gobble the Canadian Goose with the North Pole standing on the boundary post of the republic's authority and possession. As for the Eagle's editorial so vehemently, if not vindictively criticized, it was but the expression of an individual conviction, but the disturbing pebble referred to in our opening paragraph whose ripples threaten to become engulfing waves that no crown dependency can outride.

### Rudyard Kipling's Cynicism.

The American people, who, appreciative of brains and character, of whatever nationality, or wherever found, were greatly exercised over the late illness which came upon Rudyard Kipling soon after landing in this country on his late visit. This sympathy was not inspired by the fact that Kipling's wife is an American so much as from an appreciation of his genius. But Kipling is a typical Johnny Bull, and there is little doubt from his subsequent utterances that he sets no great store by the almost universal expressions of regret and good will which flowed in upon him over the wires and through the mails from the American people. The Toronto World, true to its bent for belittling America, its people and institutions, adds to the celebration of its sovereign's eightieth birthday by quoting some sarcastic things made by Kipling at the churches and preachers of Chicago, in which that gentleman likens one of its churches to a circus, its preacher to a clown, and otherwise exploits the make-up of the congregation, drawing or instituting an unfavorable comparison of the average Chicagoan with the natives of India. As for the minister at the altar he said: "With a voice borrowed from the auction room, with his brutal gold and silver flots, his hands-in-pocket, cigar-in-mouth and hat-on-back-of-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, counted himself spiritually quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indian." Rudyard Kipling when he has a call to visit America might better confine himself to the Canada side of the lakes if he would feel at home and appreciate adulation.

### They are Really a Big Thing.

Those Philippines grew upon us, and in many ways and directions. We whipped Spain while she waited for a good ready, but the war entailed in the purchase of her Pacific archipelago is liable to last for months yet. There are more natives in the Philippines than there are natives and Spaniards in the West Indies two or three times over. And now ex-Minister Barrett of Spain, who has recently returned from a visit to the Philippines, says: "There are over 1,000 separate islands, having an area of 300,000 to 310,000 square miles, nearly equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland; a population of 8,000,000, an annual foreign trade of \$40,000,000, or one-fifth that of the Japanese empire, and controlling the approaches of \$300,000,000 of foreign trade with \$60,000,000 Asiatics. To acquire control over such an important archipelago means a mighty step in advance for the United States and an expansion of our trade which can not well be measured in dollars and cents at this early day."

### No, We Can't Let Go.

Bryan's platform jokes will not avail. They are out of place and inopportune. Our hand being abrid the Philippine plow, we can't let go. The burden having incidentally fallen upon America's broad shoulders, it cannot be lightly shifted to weaker ones on any plea that it is bigger than it looked, or that it makes us tired. With the whole world crying

"Brace up," we can't afford to weaken before reaching the end of the gang-plank on the solid shore. In noting our brave struggle in an unpleasant and strange environment, the London Speaker declares that throughout the Philippines have put themselves in the wrong. We are aware that American opponents of 'imperialism' have declared that the Philippine warfare is the undoing of the constitution of the United States; that all just government rests upon the consent of the governed, and that the Philippines are fighting in defense of their rights as much as was George Washington. The difficulty in accepting this view as adequate to the facts lies in the environment and character of Manila. That great city, full of foreign property and with many foreign residents, is a center of European, and indeed of British interests. It could not be left at the mercy of a revolutionary army, controlled more or less by half-breed Filipinos and consisting of Malays of various degrees of culture from civilization down to complete savagery, and probably of Negritos and other races even less amenable to civilization than Malays.

"If England intervened and (for a time) took France with her, to put down a native government in Egypt in 1882 for the protection of European interests in that country as well as of the Suez canal, is not America, which, through no fault of her own, has become responsible for the good government of the Philippines, bound to put down Aguinaldo as we put down Arabi Pasha? Commerce, in fact, compels the more advanced nations to keep some sort of order among the less advanced. Hereafter it may be possible, though we expect the date will be remote, to give the Philippines a considerable measure of local self-government—we might say even to grant them independence, if we could anticipate that European nations would ever purge themselves of their land-hunger and protectionism.

"But for the present it is absolutely necessary to secure the peace and good order of Manila and the maintenance of the commerce of the islands. If by threatening this the Filipino government has made itself impossible, the fault lies with its members and not with the United States. For the present gallant troops from the newer west are the mandatories of civilization and of Europe, carrying on war in the interest of peace. It rests with the government of the United States to see that when their work is done peace and public security shall be maintained and that the Malay inhabitants of the islands shall receive the benefits which British rule has secured to their kinsmen in the native states of the Malay peninsula in Sarawak."

### Dewey's Characteristics and Personality.

Previous to the war with Spain Dewey had never figured prominently, at least not in any way which rendered him a study for the general public. An interview of a sailor serving under him, published in the Eagle, has been widely criticized. The impression left by the interview was that Dewey is a disciplinarian of such a strict stamp as to border on the tyrannical. A naval officer in an interview says practically the same thing. It is certain that he does not know what fear is. Two officers who served with Dewey when he commanded the survey steamer Naragansett in 1873-75, on the Pacific coast, said last year, when there was talk of war in the Philippines: "Dewey would be the last man in the navy to pick out for this business, but if he shows the same pluck, dash, energy and grasp of a situation he showed when he was on the Naragansett he will fill the bill." One of these officers is quoted as having remarked in New York the other night: "The man is absolutely without fear. He would jump into a boat, calling his men to follow, and drive ashore through a surf that would have frightened nearly any other man to sea. He seemed to regard his life as of no value, and to tell the truth, he was equally careless about the lives of his men. He is the tyrant of the navy. We all like him, but hardly a man would go out of his way to serve under him. If a vote were taken tomorrow on the question Sampson would be voted the most popular man in the navy."

### South American Trade.

Anent the object and aims of the Trans-Mississippi Congress along the lines of increased markets for American products, the most direct and cheapest transportation lines, an increased merchant marine and the like, what we have gained from Spain in the way of added markets in one direction may be lost in another. The loss of her colonial markets caused that country to seek to develop new commercial fields. Naturally the Spanish-American countries offered the best possible field for the exercise of the talents of the commercial representatives entrusted with the important task of finding new markets. Spain is making great headway in South America. It is claimed she will distance the Americans in those markets and that her activity there will be a serious loss to this country. When Americans are entitled to a market they usually capture it. When they have the goods which the Spanish-American countries want and can furnish them cheaply enough there is no doubt that those markets will be open to them. Until that time they will be distanced in the race for commercial supremacy in the South American nations by both England and Spain. Until the merchants and manufacturers of the United States condescend to study the peculiarities of the Spanish-American people and strive to satisfy their requirements other nations which do will have no trouble about selling goods to them.

De Roulede, the Frenchman who confessed that he merely wanted to get up a revolution has been triumphantly acquitted. The French people's idea of patriotism is to upset their own government when no one else's government is lying around loose for them to upset.

Bryan's head is level in wanting to let the trust question alone and to stand firm for a financial issue. The next congress may throw a slug into the trusts that will leave the anti-trust men without an issue.

If we should make war on Canada we would be troubled with the snowy season as we now have the rainy season in the Philippines. What we want is somebody who will tackle us in the temperate zone.

The volunteers who intend to form a colony in the Philippines will run that country. And they might as well call themselves the "Anti-Carpet-bag Amalgamation" right at the beginning.

Boston, the seat of anti-expansion, it will be remembered, was the source of most of these hysterical dispatches a year ago about "bombarding heard of the coast of New England."

It is not possible for a man to be Caesar and receive absolute homage from a world prostrate in worship any longer. But still one can be a horse jockey and come very near it.

Hobson is breaking into noise again. Hobson is the only man in this country who ruined himself with too much lip, where the other people furnished the lip.

M. De Roulede has been acquitted at Paris. Owing to an unprecedented self-restraint on the part of the audience the preceding judge was not brayed.

The insurgents in the Philippines are now huddling the friends. This will remind Atkinson that he would be safe anywhere in the Philippines.

Commodore Schley says he has no objections to the girls drawing kisses at him. But there is no test of marksmanship possible that way.

Bryan says that the Chicago platform will outlive the present generation. Sometimes Bryan doesn't think. He just overflows.

The Cubans are already collecting a revolutionary fund. They will hardly sell Cuban bonds in the United States this trip.

Tod Sloan's reputation is still great, but he might burnish it up some by an occasional winning.

Just at present France is a bus everything but Major Marchand.

### Celeste.

Beverly Browning was hurrying through the streets of New York in the early dusk of a short December day. A crowd of people was gathered about a street corner, and Beverly pushed his way to the front, and looked upon a delicate girl of 15, who sang with unusual strength and sweetness one of the better songs of the day. At the close of the song he stepped to the girl's side. "What is your name?"

"Celeste Devon," she replied. "Who taught you to sing?" "My mother. She died three weeks ago," answered Celeste, eyes filled with tears. "Tell me where you live," he urged. "I must see you again."

Quickly she gave him a street and number, and Beverly, failing back with the retreating crowd, returned to his hotel. That night for the first time he wished he had a wife and a home. The wonderful voice he had heard that night could not be saved for the world, but what could he do with the girl?

Then he thought of the two old German friends, and both of them. Her father played in the orchestra of a downtown theater, and his wife was an ardent lover of music in every form. He was sure they would receive his protégé.

In three days everything was arranged. Celeste was established in the German family, the best restaurant in the city procuring a room for her, and a sufficient sum of money for her wardrobe placed in the hands of the good wife.

Then Beverly departed for his Chicago home. It was strange how short the road grew between Chicago and New York, and how necessary for Beverly to make the trip.

Three years passed, the little girl had grown to a beautiful woman, and the mother spoke in unqualified praise of the voice they were training. Then Beverly decided that two years of study abroad were necessary before his ward could appear before the public.

His German friends agreed to accompany her, and one day on the deck of a great ocean steamer he bade them all goodbye.

During the next year he plunged into the society of Chicago society, but nothing satisfied him. Sometimes he thought he would follow his father's footsteps and go to sea. Celeste was well and happy, and his coming might disturb her studies. No, he would have more control of himself.

Just then an invitation came from an old college friend, who had bought a ranch in Texas and was supervising the management of it himself. Beverly accepted eagerly.

Many a hard day's riding he did with his friend; often they camped beneath the open sky. Many a night Beverly lay looking up at the stars and thinking of Celeste—what a bright spot the care of her had made in his life. But Celeste was no longer a child. Some time some one else would want to take care of her and he would lose her. Then, beneath the shining stars, he learned that his heart was no more his own.

But could she think of him? He was twenty years her elder, probably an old man in her sight. But oh, how tenderly he would teach her to love him. He would wait so patiently; she must never marry him from gratitude, but for real love.

Then came a letter. The party abroad was to sail. A date for Celeste's debut in New York had been fixed. Would he be there?

At the concert Beverly sat impatiently through the orchestral numbers, but held his breath as Celeste, in sweeping white robes, with superb beauty of form and voice, sang the first of her songs. And now she sang. The audience listened spellbound, and thundered applause as she left the stage with her arms full of flowers. In five minutes Beverly was at her dressing-room door.

Celeste gave him both hands in greeting. "I will call in the morning," he said, as he left her.

Half an hour later, as Celeste's carriage drove off, Beverly, turning away, was joined by an old friend, who said: "Fine singer," he said. "Yes," replied Beverly. "Did you see that chap at the carriage?" continued the other. "That's Celeste's brother, and if I should guess I should say the girl was too, but there's a guardian somewhere, she never does anything without asking him. Some one must be looking after her."

At his hotel that night Beverly decided he could not see the girl next day. In the morning a letter to Celeste said business called him to Chicago.

For two weeks Beverly Browning fought the hardest battle of his life, and conquered. Celeste should have her heart's desire; he would give it to her freely. Then he went back.

He fancied a little constraint in Celeste's greeting. "They talked of many things. Finally Beverly said: 'Celeste, you know I desire your happiness, and a hint was given me before I left New York how best to secure it. I do not know this Mr. Richard, but I give you to him freely.' Celeste gave a little gasp. 'But, suppose I do not wish to be given, and I am sure Mr. Richard does not want me, for he is engaged to one of the sweetest girls in the city.' 'It is someone else,' asked Beverly, his voice trembling. 'Yes,' said the girl, faintly, as her eyes fell.

Beverly hesitated a moment, then caught her in his strong arms. "Oh, my dear, my dear, it is possible you can learn to love me!"

"I do not need to learn," said Celeste, softly, from her resting place. "For you have been my hero ever since that dark day upon the street, when as a child I looked up and saw you bending over me."

### Wise and Otherwise.

Next to being forgiven for a sin there is perhaps nothing more satisfactory than to repeat the transgression. Editor—"Why do you call this play a tank drama? I don't see where it comes from." Dramatic Critic—"Then, let it come out. I only meant it was a tank that drove the audience to drink."

Some people who pride themselves on knowing how to serve a dinner seem to be quite sure of the way to eat it. There is no such thing as an old newspaper; the oldest one in print contains something you haven't read—Chicago Record.

Doctor—"The trouble with you is that you bolt your food." The Dyspeptic—"But nothing! If I could only bolt it, I could eat it down!"

There is something wrong somewhere when the night latch fails to yield to a midnight caller at 2 a. m.—Chicago News.

"Well, when a man's excited he swears." "Yes," and when a woman's excited she swears. "Yes," said the man. "Well, if a woman should cry every time a man swears, would he have another divorce?"

### The Paris Exposition.

The exposition will open April 12, 1900. The American exhibit will occupy 300,000 square feet of space.

American electrical machinery will cost more than \$1,000,000. The total amount of power estimated as necessary for the exposition is 20,000,000 horse power, 15,000 for lighting and 5,000 for motive power.

American Indian corn will be cooked as an exhibit to foreigners. Commissioner Peck says that the total cost of the United States buildings at the Paris exposition will be \$200,000. Mr. Peck is making plans to bring the United States to the front at the Paris exposition.

He has asked the French minister of war to use his influence in favor of a plan to have the grand gateway of the United States building erected as a public entrance to the exposition. As the building will stand on the front of the River Seine, with a boat landing as the terminus of the river, the entrance to the United States building would become a veritable thoroughfare.

### Outlines of Oklahoma.

Ponca City always finds the front and then gets there quick.

Sid Clarke will be the fusion nominee for congress in Oklahoma next year. Governor Barnes has donated a straw-hat, and it makes him look 15 years younger.

It is reported that the Santa Fe is contemplating putting two feeders out from Guthrie.

Sid Clarke is the only Oklahoman who keeps on pronouncing Oklahoma with the first "o" short.

When harmony at last comes in Oklahoma the cement will be found to be Tom Ferguson of Watonga.

Jerre Johnson of Kildare has lately been sniffing the air for a scrub, but he can't get anybody to take him up.

Decker, the man who accompanied Constable Pruden when the latter shot Miss Arnold, has been discharged.

It is told around that the selection of Bill Grimes for census supervisor was the suggestion of President McKinley himself.

Colonel John R. Tate of Blackwell says that Blackwell would rather have a couple more of railroads than be the capital.

A whole lot of the eastern delegates to the congress at Wichita intend to run down to Kay county just to see the wheat fields.

At one time in Hemphill county, Texas, there were only two Republicans—Mr. Wiggins and Johnny Pugh, the two Woodward Admones.

John A. Ross of Oklahoma City has sued his wife, Carrie Ross, for divorce. They were married in 1884. They have not been living together since 1888—Incompatibility.

Dus, Lynn is afraid of cyclones. He has a cyclopean dungeon built under his house at Guthrie that looks like the cell the French king kept the Man of the Iron Mask in.

Cash Cade, on his farm near Shawnee, has a log cabin with a fire place in it that holds a four-foot log and that good expectorator can hit at a distance of thirty feet.

The last seen of C. G. Jones he was making his way for Mexico. At Dennison, Texas, he heard of the possibility of an extra session of the legislature and of once increased his speed eighteen knots an hour.

The conductor of a freight train one day this week picked up a negro baby near Norman. Norman doesn't permit colored people to live in the town and it is thought that the baby just rained down as a rebuke from heaven.

Frank Greer is becoming a volupuary. He is well dressed and really has an eye to the selection of becoming neckties. For the first five years in Oklahoma Frank was so busy he didn't have time to get friendly with his own necktie.

Joe McNeal of Guthrie is getting to look more like a Roman every day. If the calendar could be slipped back 2,000 years and Joe should happen to wander in on the Forum, the crowd would stare him up for the delegate from Etruria in three minutes.

D. C. Lewis of the Oklahoma City Democrat, has a habit of shooting a skyrocket into a sleepy convention that wakes things up. If Lewis should ever get to congress, there would be a stampede or something in the house of representatives about the second speech he made.

It is said that Bill Walker's real trouble with the commissioner of Indian affairs was over a grade of flour. The commissioner wanted one grade of four bought and Bill knew it wouldn't answer as well as another grade and insisted on buying his grade. Those Indian commissioners are mighty touchy people.

Ponca City Courier: Otto Bryan, the 6-year-old son of James Bryan, the Oklahoma agent of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing company, accidentally shot himself in the breast Monday with a target gun at his home in Perry, inflicting a wound that will probably be fatal. His father was at Newkirk when notified of the accident, and the morning train had just left. He telephoned to Kildare and Ponca City for fresh teams to be waiting him, and started for home, hoping to see his boy alive. He drove to Kildare in 25 minutes. Changing teams, he drove to Ponca City in 40 minutes. F. T. McCarthy had been in Hampton, waiting for him, and he jumped from one buggy to the other and was driven on. In one hour and thirty minutes he was driven into Otter, eighteen miles south of here, with the team fairly tired out. A man with a buggy was just leaving Otter for Red Rock, and he changed vehicles. He reached Red Rock 25 minutes later, where another fresh team was waiting him. About an hour later he had reached home in time to see his boy resting fairly well and to comfort his wife, who was about heart-broken over the accident. After about four hours' time he had driven nearly fifty miles, drawn by the affection of a fond father's heart.

### Along the Kansas Nile.

Parsons. It is said, has passed Clay Center in the fight for the new insane asylum.

Jo Bristow is in Kansas to see how his large brood of fourth-class postmasters is getting along.

A man at Leavenworth Monday, aged 65 years, died of the flu. It is hinted that it was the smallest flu.

The average Kansan will kick on being mentioned for all offices save one—a seat in the United States senate.

Governor Stanley will leave parole only to convicts whose relatives will promise to find permanent employment for them.

The man "who has never asked a nomination of his party before" is getting a head above the billows in Kansas just now.

It is the remark of a Kansan man that if a man wants to attract attention he should drop water, that is if the man is not Bryan.

People who have had an experience with them say that the Kansas chigger this spring has a back-action super-stroke that is new and terrible.

A Towka girl graduate had an essay on Achilles' heel. Achilles was an ancient hero who got it in the neck only when he got it in the heel.

Louisa Royce McKinley's messenger to Laura before the war, who was given a reception at Ashland last evening, is a pet of General Miles.

Says the Ashland Globe, with graphic truth: "Before a man can run on an errand he has to have time to hunt up the neighbor's boy to go with him."

W. L. White's political story in this month's Scribner's is said to be based on Governor Humphrey's appointment of George R. Peck United States senator.

Miss Ora Holt, a daughter of the late Judge Holt, feeling ill, took a capsule at Fort Scott Wednesday and died a few minutes later. The capsule contained poison. The case is mysterious.

The Philpines when fighting the Kansas boys, were in the mood of the Kansas boys, and their best defense behind fishing poles. But the fishing poles grew in denser groups than was ever known in front of a Kansas soldier.

Miss Emma Almer, 12 years old, ran off with Sam Harker of Pratt county. Her parents overtook them and the whole party resulted up in court. When the parents charged that the young lady was incorrigible, a compromise was effected whereby the girl consented to return home with her parents, provided she would be permitted to marry Harker in two years.

Wellington Press: The increase in the country's population to over 2,000,000, as shown by the census, has a higher significance than the fact that the country's population is higher than that of any other country in the world.

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## Geo. Innes & Co.

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Five hundred Hats worth up to \$1.25. Choose tomorrow at 9c.

### After Saturday

June 3, free trimming will be a thing of the past. Choose from these special lots of Hats at 19c, 29c, 39c, 49c, 59c and 79c and have them trimmed by our expert free of charge.

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One hundred Fans, white and colored silk, satin and gauze, others plain, worth \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. An unusual trade happening enables us to offer these to you on Saturday at 69c.

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Look at my Bargain Window. Would you think it?

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Find a line of up-to-date Shoes anywhere in the West that will equal our goods for style, softness of stock, blending of parts and points of excellence, as we are handling nothing but the very best makes that can be obtained in the market. You may possibly

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cheaper goods than we carry, but then again what do you get when you buy that kind, as it takes two pairs of that kind to equal one pair of our kind. You can readily see

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are cheaper in the long run, as you always get your money's worth when you get that kind. Now, when it comes to cheap Shoes, we can sell you some few goods that will astonish the best posted people on earth. We can back all our claims as to handling the best lines of Men's Shoes and being leaders in footwear in Wichita, and that is something no other dealer can do. BIG SALES is a positive proof. We have done as much business in one year as any other two dealers in the same line of business. We are agents for such manufacturers as

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## Brailsch's